Volume LXXXIV CHICAGO, September 4, 1919 Number 1

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

AFTERMATH.

(July 19th.)

Have you forgotten yet?
For the world's events have rumbled on, since those gagged days,
Like traffic checked awhile at the crossing of city-ways:
And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoughts that flow
Like clouds in the lit heavens of life; and you're a man reprieved to go,
Taking your peaceful share of Time, with joy to spare.
But the past is just the same—and War's a bloody game. . . .
Have you forgotten yet? . . .
Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never forget.

Do you remember the dark months you held the sector at Mametz—
The nights you watched and wired and dug and piled sandbags on parapets?
Do you remember the rats; and the stench
Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench—
And dawn coming, dirty white, and chill with a hopeless rain?
Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to happen again?"

Do you remember that hour of din before the attack—
And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and shook you then
As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your men?
Do you remember the stretcher cases lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads—those ashen-grey
Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay?
Have you forgotten yet? . . .
Look up, and swear by the green of the spring that you'll never forget.

—*Siegfried Sassoon.*

"The Nation," London.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 3
Prosperity!—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 5

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED—
Literature and Russia.—FRANCIS NEILSON 9
Suppression of Freedom of the Press in India.—J. T. SUNDERLAND 9
The Stage Germany.—*An American Officer* 10
News from Europe.—FRANCIS NEILSON 13

POETRY—
Aftermath.—*Siegfried Sassoon* 1
The Gifts of Peace.—THOMAS S. JONES, JR. 7
Night.—*Eden Philpot* 12
The Up-to-date Offspring to His Sire.—*Lucio, in the "Manchester Guardian"* 14
Advent.—*Virginia Woodward Cloud* 15

THE FIELD—
The Sense of Service in Industry.—HARRY FOSTER BURNS 15
Boosting the Professors' Salaries.—*Literary Digest* 15

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

$2.00 PER ANNUM

ESTABLISHED 1878

With THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, and all other organizations and individuals seeking to widen fellowship and to realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices.

EDITORS

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
FRANCIS NEILSON
JOHN MORRIS EVANS

ASSISTANT EDITOR

EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. 1. March 1, 1878. No. 1.

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

AND

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

Robert Collyer, Chicago. Wm. C. Gannett, St. Paul.
Jenkin Ll. Jones, Janesville. C. W. Wendte, Cincinnati.
J. C. Learned, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

Francis L. Robertz, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. Sunderland, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
Geo. W. Cooke, Grand Haven, Mich., - } "Notes and News."

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals
Harry Foster Burns
Charles W. Casson
George Willis Cooke
Percy M. Dawson
Frank C. Doan
Charles F. Dole
James Waldo Fawcett
Zona Gale
Emil G. Hirsch
Chester Lloyd Jones
David Starr Jordan
George Grover Mills
George W. Nasmyth
Susan M. Quackenbush
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
Albert R. Vail
Arthur L. Weatherly
James H. West

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, CHICAGO, ILL.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES

Everything in
HARDWARE
AT
PORTER'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM—DOMESTIC
COAL
TELEPHONE WABASH 5028
Main Office:
28 E. Jackson Blvd.
CHICAGO

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

The Blakely-Oswald Printing Co.
PRINTERS and BINDERS
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk St., CHICAGO

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
FOUR AUTOMOBILES
We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.
Bissell Laundry Co.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street Chicago

Bowman Dairy Company
MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY
Milk Cream Butter Buttermilk
DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?
4221-4229 State Street Telephones at all Division Offices
EVANSTON CHICAGO OAK PARK

Sample Copies of UNITY
Sent Upon Request

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXIV THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1919 Number 1

"There is a decree of necessity, an old ordinance of the gods, everlasting, sealed with broad oaths, that whenever one of the dæmons, whose portion is length of days, has sinfully stained his hands with murder, or followed strife and committed perjury, he must wander away from the blessed gods for thirty thousand seasons, being born throughout that time in all manner of mortal forms, passing from one to another of the painful paths of life. For the power of the upper air drives him towards the sea, and the sea spues him out upon dry land; earth throws him into the rays of the burning sun, and the sun into the eddies of the air. One receives him from another and all loathe him. Of these I myself am now one, an exile from God and a wanderer, because I put my trust in raging strife."—*Empedocles.*

With this issue Unity returns to sixteen weekly pages and in celebration dons a new garb of print paper. We also welcome another editor to our staff, John Morris Evans, successor to Jenkin Lloyd Jones as Minister of All Souls Church and Director of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago. With these extensions in size and strength and an improved appearance, it is hoped that a vigorous campaign for new subscribers can be inaugurated early in the fall. To this end the co-operation of old and new friends is earnestly desired.

In the death of Mrs. Mary T. Wilmarth on August 28 at Lake Geneva, Chicago has lost one of her noblest citizens. Mrs. Wilmarth was a rare combination of strength and gentleness, always the gracious lady, always the uncompromising champion of the downtrodden and oppressed. In her presence one was shamed out of all pettiness, and discordant notes seemed to die in the "large and charitable air" in which she lived. She was a dearly loved and honored friend of the late editor of Unity and co-worker with him on many lines from the days of his early manhood. In a later issue Unity hopes to print a fuller word of appreciation of this beautiful life, so freely spent in service to humanity. The present writer gratefully acknowledges her debt to one who has stood for her as a type of ideal womanhood and courageous adherence to principle.

How grows in Paradise our store!

E. LL. J.

"Lloyd-George announces to Commons Government's Rejection of Coal Mine Ownership," says the New York *Tribune*. "Britain to Buy Mines," states the Boston *Herald* on the same morning in interpretation of the same speech of the English Prime Minister. Thus do our newspapers give to us the news! It is not altogether surprising, however, that a press essentially ill-informed, unintelligent, and primarily interested not in reporting news but in fostering capitalistic propaganda, should be rendered somewhat "groggy" by what is transpiring in England. The majority report of the Sankey Coal Commission has indeed been rejected by the British Government. But this has been done, only in order to substitute another plan providing for the same end—namely, the nationalization of the mines, and their control in large measure by the workers. Thus are the first steps taken in a policy destined to revolutionize the entire industrial—and, mayhap, political—life of our western civilization. The death-knell has sounded for that system of private ownership of land, natural resources, machines, raw material, transportation lines, capital, which has enabled the few to prosper at the expense and by the labor of the many. Little by little, in ways peaceful and constructive, let us hope, society will take over the resources and processes of its industry. Competition will thus be succeeded by co-operation, public service take the place of private profit. What is happening in England must happen eventually in America; and wise shall we be, as well as beneficent, if we strive to further and not obstruct the inevitable process of transformation.

England and Canada have now released all their conscientious objectors. Why does not the United States do the same thing? What end is being served, what justice is being done, by keeping in prison these men whose only offense is fidelity to conviction? Does the government hope to break the will or change the opinions of these men? Every expedient of humiliation and cruelty has been tried to this end, in vain; every hour of continued confinement but strengthens their conviction that they are right to rebel against a militarism capable of such barbarisms? Does the government think it necessary to hold these men as terrible examples and thus exercise deterrent influence upon others? No idea could be more short-sighted, for all testimony is to the effect that the persecution of conscientious objectors is one of those many factors which have developed in the average enlisted or conscripted man an utter abhorrence of the army and all its works. Or perhaps the government believes these objectors to be insincere and cowardly, and hence deserving of punishment! Against such opinion is the judgment of the War Department's own expert, Major Kellogg, who in his book on the "Conscientious Objector" testifies that these men are not in any sense cowards or slackers. What is concerned in this tragedy are two things un-

exampled in American history. On the one hand is an indifference, a hard-heartedness, a deliberate cruelty on the part of official Washington which it is still difficult to associate with the names of Woodrow Wilson and Newton D. Baker. These men profess to be liberals, to be moved by high ideals of justice and right, and yet here, in this instance, they seem not to know the meaning of magnanimity. On the other hand, is an indifference, even an hostility, to the just settlement of this question on the part of the American people, which would be unbelievable if it were not right here before our face and eyes. Never was there a clearer issue of individual freedom, of rights of conscience, of all those moral principles which have long since become a tradition of Americanism. And yet our people seem not to care; or, if they care, to show any other spirit than that of bitterness and hate. This whole business of the conscientious objector constitutes an extraordinary chapter of war history; and it promises to be blacker in our own country than anywhere else.

Wise and witty were the statements made at the recent convention of the National Association of Organists at Pittsburgh. The ministers came in for sharp indictment at the hands of those whose business it is to preside at the organ key-board at church services. The ignorance of the clergy was responsible, it was charged, "for such bad church music.' One unhappy organist told of a divine whose musical knowledge was limited to Schumann's "Traumerei" and a few hymns; it was this man's desire to have this one "*piece de resistance*" played Sunday after Sunday, until the musician at last rebelled. That this indictment of the organists contains much truth, is evident enough. The musical ignorance of many ministers—perhaps most ministers—is appalling. Not otherwise would it be possible for the average hymn book, with its trashy tunes, to survive! Nor do our theological schools do anything more than make a few unimpressive gestures in the matter of training students in this important branch of learning. Into the very heart of our practices of public worship enter the artistic elements, predominantly those of music, and yet only here or there, by accident, is found a clergyman who knows anything about musical standards. The organists are right! But, on the other hand, are they always impeccable themselves? We have in mind an organist in a large city church whose especial practice it was to prepare and produce anthems which were medleys of familiar tunes from popular operas. Sunday after Sunday, the choir rendered these hopeless *pot-pourris* of airs from "Faust," "Trovatore," "Traviata," "Lohengrin," "Butterfly," all appropriately set to sacred words. This was even a little worse, perhaps, than "Traumerei"! What is needed is knowledge, good taste and a reverential spirit in both pulpit and organ loft; and fraternal co-operation between the two, to the end of true inspiration. That organists are striving to set up and conform to the highest standards of their great art, is a welcome sign. The clergy, we hope and believe, may be trusted to "profit by their example."

The most significant words spoken at the convention of the National Association of Organists, were those of Mr. Clifford Demarest, Warden of the American Guild of Organists, and choir-master of the Community Church in New York. Referring to the texts of anthems, he said, "The silly words of many anthems are not likely to attract the public at large." It seems to us that, in stating this opinion, Mr. Demarest was dealing rather mildly with a subject that calls for dynamitic treatment. The words of most anthems are impossible today in any modern church. Passages never read from the Scriptures in the pulpit, are complacently, even jubilantly, chanted in the choir-loft. Articles of belief, long since banished from every intelligent mind, are set to music and regularly sung. Words, which in and by themselves are devoid of all meaning, still seem adequate to sustain, or convey, the inspiration of composers. What is worse, many lines of modern thought and spiritual idealism find no representation of any kind in anthem literature. Mr. Demarest has opened up a question which is destined to take us far, for what we have here is the unescapeable necessity of creating new anthems for our present-day services of worship. Indeed, not only new anthems, but new hymns, new responses, new scriptures, new prayers! It is ridiculous that we should be confined to the language and ideas of ages long since dead. It is an indictment of our whole conception of continuing revelation that we should not create our own vehicles of expression for our own religious life. What we need are more experiments along the line of Dr. Coit's "Social Worship," Mrs. Mussey's "Social Hymns," Dr. Rauschenbusch's "Prayers of the Social Awakening," and the responsive "Readings From Great Authors," edited by Holmes, Brown, Redding and Goldsmith. Our new religion, like a new-born child, must learn to speak, and the language spoken must be its own and not that of its vanished ancestors. It is perhaps one of the surest signs that an age of true spiritual awakening is at hand, that men are thus seeking a new and modern ritual for worship.

The announcement of the publication of a new war novel by Henri Barbusse is a literary event of the first importance. "*Le Feu*" ("Under Fire") was be-

yond all question the one supreme work of fiction produced during the period of the Great War. The power of this book, Dantesque in sublimity and grandeur, is a thing which is achieved but rarely even by the greatest literary artists, and which bears upon its face the stamp of immortality. That *"Clarté"*—"Light," as it is called in translation—is a second masterpiece of this high order, is hardly to be expected. Incidentally, it is a significant commentary upon the press of America that, although this book was published months ago in France, not a word has been printed as to its reception either by critics or by the public. It is impossible, however, that *"Clarté"* should not have surpassing qualities both as a novel and as an interpretation of the War. Barbusse is too great a genius, and he has been too deeply moved by this vast European horror, for any writing of his not to be of supreme significance and power.

The actors' strike, which has recently beset New York and Chicago, stirs mixed emotions. On the one hand we are moved to instant sympathy with men and women who battle against the managers who have debased the American theater to the worst uses of ignorant commercialism. But what are we to think, on the other hand, of so-called "artists" who are content to use their talents for the presentation of such plays, or "shows," as "Up in Mabel's Room," "Listen, Lester," "The Ziegfield Follies," "The Midnight Frolic," "The Scandals of 1919," etc., *ad nauseam!* Certainly, whatever happens to actors and managers, the public can only be the gainer from a situation which closes the theaters which house these vulgar productions. If actors and actresses desire to win the support of theater-goers, and especially to elevate the standards of their profession and vindicate their own personal standing as artists, let them refuse to prostitute their abilities to the presentation of plays which outrage every artistic and moral ideal. That would indeed be a "strike" worth while!

The actors' strike raises the question as to why the ministers should not strike. Surely, there is no group of persons in the community who are more wretchedly under-paid, or who, if faithful, work longer hours. But this suggestion of a strike of ministers raises at once the further question as to whether anybody would particularly care, or be greatly inconvenienced, if such an event should actually transpire. One of the first requisites of a successful strike is that it shall effect some interest vitally related to the welfare and happiness of men. Railway workers, when organized and determined, can secure practically anything they want, as witness the famous Adamson Law, for the reason that modern society cannot exist without open transportation lines. Factory workers, on the other hand, can win a strike only after long weeks of costly struggle, and then only when public opinion recognizes and sustains the justice of the cause. As for actors, their strike was hopeless without the sympathetic support of stage-hands and musicians, and even then could continue indefinitely, or until one side or the other was tired of financial loss. It is from this point of view that a strike of ministers seems so ridiculous. Who would care if churches were closed because of empty pulpits? Could not society get on all the time as well as it does in summertime, when the majority of churches temporarily suspend activities, or join in innocuous and sparsely attended union services? The mere suggestion of a ministers' strike is occasion for mirth. And yet what could be more calamitous than the fact which it connotes, of the utter remoteness of our existing churches from vital human interest and desire!

Prosperity!

There was great hilarity some time ago; when Henry Ford, catechized upon the witness-stand in his libel suit against the Chicago *Tribune,* defined an idealist as "one who desired to make the people more prosperous." What could be more ridiculous than such a statement as this, was the universal shout! Imagine the ignorance of a man who identifies idealism with prosperity! If anything is certain, it is that the idealist is one who is essentially unworldly; and that prosperity, *per contra,* is essentially worldly and material, "of the earth, earthy." And yet Henry Ford would put the two together, as though the task of saving the world spiritually was identical with that of so increasing and distributing prosperity as to enable every man to own a Ford automobile!

On the face of things, this statement would seem to be naive enough. It is not to be wondered at that the empty-headed chatterers of the daily press seized upon it as cause for "inextinguishable laughter." But it is not to be wondered at, also, that there are depths of wisdom and human compassion in this simple and apparently ignorant remark which only a "guileless fool," of the Parsifal type, could see and understand. There was once another very simple man, like Henry Ford of humble origin and native shrewdness, with much love and hope for men, who lived upon this earth centuries ago, and strangely enough said something strangely like that which the Detroit manufacturer declared at the Mt. Clemens trial. This man, be it said, is universally accounted and reverenced as an idealist. And yet when asked to describe his mission, he said, "I am come that (men) might have life, and have it more abundantly."

When Henry Ford speaks of making men "more prosperous," and Jesus of Nazareth declares that he is come to give men "life more abundantly," they are

saying one and the same thing! Life begins in the body; the higher reaches of the mind and soul can no more be separated from the physical organism, and flourish, than the blossom on the stem of the rose-bush can be cut from the roots in the deep, rich earth, and hold its color and fragrance. There may be another world, as Paul intimates, wherein men may be delivered from the burden of this flesh, and take on "spiritual bodies" corresponding to the exigencies and deliverances of immortal life. But in this world we have "bodies terrestrial" and not "celestial," and with these the question of life, in all its higher as well as lower reaches, is inextricably bound.

That Jesus saw this fact, constitutes one of his supreme claims to moral greatness. Deep in his heart was a love of men, and a desire to see men fulfill the intellectual and spiritual possibilities of their natures. He wanted them to be as care-free and happy as "the birds of the air." He yearned to see them clothed upon with loveliness like that of "the lilies of the field." Looking upon the earth with its fertility, and the sky with its fruitfulness, he saw no natural reason why men, instead of being care-free, should be bound with agony and weariness; instead of being lovely, should be scarred and stained with ugliness. If humanity was poor, and bent, and withered, and desperate, and lost, it was because men were selfish, not because God was niggardly. And if humanity was always thus to be hungry and cold and sick, it was certain that the spirit of God's presence would die within their souls, and the Father be worshipped but in vain. What men must have is "life"—the "life" which is bestowed upon them in sun and rain, in earth and sea; and this means food, clothing, shelter, physical comfort, education, social liberation. The whole problem of the higher life, as Jesus saw it, had its beginning right down in the depths where men were struggling for bread. This was "life," and this "life" they must have "more abundantly," as the first condition at least of moral redemption. It was this that made Jesus to be the militant social reformer, which we have just begun to discover in these later days of our Biblical criticism. It was this recognition of the basic necessity of economic liberation as a condition of spiritual fulfillment, which made him the assailant of Pharisee and publican, of greedy priest and grafting politician. Jesus set himself deliberately to the revolutionary task of making all people "more prosperous," and thereby proved himself an idealist so dangerous that church and state united in the disagreeable but necessary business of doing away with him.

What Jesus thus saw and fought for, was soon forgotten by the church. It sought to ignore the world, and save men spiritually in defiance of economic injustice. It even undertook, for reasons not altogether hidden from the great and powerful who controlled its counsels from the fourth century on, to commend poverty as a condition of moral health, and for centuries "My Lady Poverty" was an object of adoration to all saintly souls. And just here, in this loss, or neglect, of economic understanding, is to be found the explanation of the tragic failure of Christianity. "Why Do We Fail As Christians," asks Robert Hunter, in his brilliant new book of this title? Because, he answers, we are trying to make men good and kind and loving, without giving them the requisite economic foundations for such a type of life! Because we are setting men the impossible task of being just in a world that is unjust, and loving in a world that is cruel! Because we are demanding of men that they be healthful spiritually, when the majority are starved in poverty, or surfeited with wealth! Jesus's gospel of the moral life cannot be divorced from the social system in which men "live and move and have their being." Nobody saw this more clearly than Jesus himself. Therefore, says Mr. Hunter, did he preach, and the disciples and first apostles practice, a system of social communism, as the basis of love one for another. They sought to provide "life more abundantly" for all men, make men "more prosperous," that thereby the highest ideals of the soul might be attained.

Whether Henry Ford is a communist or not, we do not know. It is doubtful if he has worked out any clear and final system of social change. But from the very simplicity of his nature, and the instinctive goodness of his heart, has he found the secret of life. He was preaching the gospel of Jesus when, in the language of our own day, he talked of "more prosperity" for men. He has long been doing the work of Jesus—not perhaps in the most efficient way, as some of us view things—but still, in spirit and aim, the work of Jesus, in his distribution of material substance among his thousands of workmen. He understands idealism, and is an idealist, far beyond the comprehension of many more pretentiously idealistic men than himself, just because he sees the need of this world's goods as the condition of happiness and truth for humankind. "Man does not live by bread alone," it is true; but he must have bread, if he is to live at all, and good bread and plenty of it, if he is to live well in the moral, as also the physical, sense.

The task before us today, as yesterday, is simple—seen of simple, if not of wise and worldly, men. It is to *distribute prosperity*. It is to give men "life more abundantly." "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God," said the Master, referring to a just social order

upon the earth, "and all these things"—the moral virtues of the soul!—"shall be added unto you."

Henry Ford was right. The laughter of men was the *confessio fidei* of an unseeing and unbelieving world!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

THE GIFTS OF PEACE.

All day long the wind in the bending branches
Softly croons a chant for the silent sleepers,
Through the hours the birds in unceasing rapture
Echo the wind-song.

Tossing branches caught by the spars of sun-glow,
Framing bits of blue with their leafy meshes,
And upon the wind from the pine-tree's censer
Attars unloosened.

Far away the valley lies in a day-dream,
Warm and golden, swept by the clouds' swift shadows,
While the grasses like distant ocean billows
Drift in the sunshine.

Here is peace and loveliness ever mingled:
Organ music of winds and birds and branches,
And a brooding Presence that makes each moment
A benediction.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

Isaac Fisher, the colored editor of the Fisk University News, was invited recently to appear before the University Commission on Southern Race Questions, to inform its members on what the southern Negro thinks and feels. The questions in his own mind, he tells in an article on this hearing—Was this commission really possessed of the "scientific approach," did it really desire to know facts or was he expected to speak the customary commonplaces concerning the need of race "co-operation"?—he soon was able to answer as he had hoped to answer them. These white southern university professors did not remain satisfied with the "pleasant truths," the delicately phrased statements of minor grievances which some of the colored witnesses in their kindliness of heart had offered; they wanted the whole truth. And so, for one sensitive colored man at least, they broke down a barrier that he had felt to exist even duirng the commission's own life of several years, the conviction that "they will not listen to a truthful presentation of the Negro's case." This, he says, is a "new weapon" for the reformer who believes that progress can be effected by a mutual understanding and accurate knowledge of facts.

As an outcome of this desire for the right kind of publicity, shared also by other circles, a "southern publicity committee for making known the constructive aspects of race relations" came into being early this summer. It consists of university, professional and business men, and among its objects is a direct endeavor to counteract the consciously or unconsciously incendiary activity of the Associated Press which "encourages an entire race to commit crime by rewarding its criminal acts by the notice which all normal human beings crave and penalizing its acts of decency, Christianity and advancement by ominous, calculating silence."—*The Survey.*

CONTRIBUTED

Literature and Russia

The intelligent man, says Plato, will prize those studies which result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom, and he will less value the others. Literature is one of the instruments, and one of the most powerful instruments, for forming character, for giving us men and women armed with reason, braced by knowledge, clothed with steadfastness and courage, and inspired by that public spirit and public virtue of which it has been well said that they are the brightest ornaments of the mind of man. Bacon is right, as he generally is, when he bids us read not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Yes, let us read to weigh and to consider. In the times before us that promise or threaten deep political, economical, and social controversy, what we need to do is to induce our people to weigh and consider.—*John Morley, "Studies in Literature."*

Perhaps in ten or fifteen years a critic of the literature of the war will write us down a people that did not weigh and consider what we read. We may not have to wait so long, however, for a great change is taking place in the character of war literature published since the spring of this year. It is a change that is all for the better, but whether it denotes a real alteration in the attitude of mind of the reading public cannot be assumed with any degree of certainty. Nevertheless there are indications which show a decided tendency towards reading a class of war literature that is neither sensational nor extremely partisan. The change is most noticeable in the volumes of verse that have been published of late. There are no Kiplings holding sway. In prose, since the passing of the imperialistic propagandist and the departments for cultivation of historical inexactitudes, I notice a steady tendency to return to the literary methods of sanity and truth. It is not reasonable to expect a sudden, overwhelming revulsion of the mind that has been fed for so long upon the lying literature of partisans; it would be absurd to hope for a speedy change in the mind of the reading public which in the main has subsisted upon the blood and thunder outpourings of the dervishes of the war-press. Never in the history of war has there been anything like the literary bacchanal we have been forced to witness. Never did government attempt before so to organize the lurid imagination of those writers, whose pens can be purchased for the purpose of creating spiritual and mental havoc of the best that is in the public mind. We may be entering upon a period when people will weigh and consider what they read, for the observant man must admit that the public has of late had a remarkable opportunity of learning to distrust at least ninety per cent of the literature that has been written about the war, its causes, its incidents, its aims; also the economic, political, industrial, social, and ethical consequences of it promised by politicians. The observant man must realize the extraordinary opportunity which has of late been given to the public generally to see the whole miserable thing—war, in all its shameful nakedness. Now, if ever, is the time for this generation to take Morley's advice and begin the process of weighing and considering every utterance he hears and reads of statesmen and writers.

It would be a very simple matter for anyone who had the time, and who imagined the work would have beneficial result, to take any, or all, of the leading features which have appealed so strongly to the organized imagination, and show up its work of inflaming

the public mind for the sole purpose of making war. The story of European diplomacy, the story of war preparation, the story of imperial ambition, and many other stories connected with the political, naval, and military organizations have been dealt with of late by various authors, in such a way that the cautious investigator has little or no difficulty in presenting a lucid, rational case, which would destroy all the popular notions held, during the war, by the vast majority of the peoples of the belligerent nations. Again, the same may be said of the most sensational atrocity stories; indeed, all the unofficial atrocity stories have been exposed from time to time during the war. But it seems to be no one's business yet to treat the whole question of war as an atrocity from which human kind should recoil with horror. Nobody has yet taken upon himself the duty of proving the truth of what John Hay said, "War is the most ferocious and the most futile of human follies."

When we come to the question of secret treaties there is now no one of any school of political thought to say a word in defense of the governments of Great Britain and France. All the very worthy professors of England, who in the first month of the war rushed to the aid of Lord Lansdowne, Sir Edward Grey, M. Delcasse, M. Sasanoff, and the other secret treaty-making ministers of the allied powers, are now silent and suffering adequate humiliation for their childlike enthusiasm. The recent crowning effort of the secret treaty-makers, par excellence, in grabbing Persia—after solemnly signing the Paris covenant—is enough to make any English professor who defended Sir Edward Grey turn to the study of the part Britain has taken in European diplomacy, and become a sadder and a wiser professor.

So the work of enlightenment proceeds, and the public becomes disillusioned slowly, bit by bit, by the misdeeds of those who blunder in statecraft, and who cannot forever rely on the work of the official propagandist to withhold the truth, the sensations of the organized imagination to occupy the minds of the unthinking, and the rigors of the censor's office to see that no courageous lover of the truth should get anything into print that might disrupt their policies. It is after all a most inconsistent, awkward world, for war-makers to live in, for war, unfortunately for them, must have an end, and the suppressed will have their day. And the public, when given half a chance to reason, will generously give the other fellow an opportunity to state his case. Subconsciously, the public dislikes any one-sided affair; it likes variety, and, above all, it really does like to see those idols who have used it ill, destroyed in as ruthless a manner as possible. History affords an unending panorama of this very constant characteristic of the public. The French and American revolutions are instances of this, but further back in history, in the days of Greece, and Rome, and Egypt, and Babylon, and Hindustan, we have numbers of instances of the public destroying their political idols. This war has been the means which has afforded the public more opportunities of destroying political idols than any half dozen wars that can be mentioned. Let us take only one of the many instances we have witnessed during the past five years: Russia. And when I think about Russia in this particular, my mind is suddenly flooded with the memory of all the abominable work which has been done in the name of allied patriotism since the overthrow of the Romanoffs. There is no more illuminating instance of the utter hypocrisy of the war aims of our statesmen than the treatment to which they have submitted the people who have destroyed the idols of Czardom. And in this respect we are not one whit better than the allies of more than one hundred years ago. Certainly we have not the candor of Pitt who, in making war upon the revolutionists of France, said: "I certainly said that the war was not like others, occasioned by particular insult, or the unjust seizure of territory, or the like, but undertaken to repel usurpation, connected with principles calculated to subvert all government." The same might have been said by Britain in the war against the American revolutionists. It is, indeed, the same old excuse of the Tory when he makes war on innovation. But in the case of Russia we have seen an unprecedented onslaught, of every kind of aggressive machine that can be operated by governments, made by pretty nearly the whole world, "to repel usurpation, connected with principles calculated to subvert all government."

Now it is in connection with Russia that I notice a profound change in the minds of the public. It is in connection with Russia that I observe a steady tendency in the thought of some statesmen, not in office, and in recent literature on Russian affairs, a striving to get away from the sensational slush with which the official propagandist has drenched the people. We know now that the vast majority of the British, French, and Italian people are opposed to intervention, and that they strenuously demand the withdrawal of their troops from Russian soil. We also know that some of the leading conservative politicians of England and France have joined the ranks of the non-interventionists. But it is in literature that the tendency to regard the affairs of Russia in a sane and rational manner is most marked. Only the other day I picked up an article by William T. Goode, who has been on the Esthonian front. What he has to tell us sounds like a fairy tale, coming after the horrific crimson narratives of official propagandists. Goode was a prisoner of the Bolsheviks for nine days. He says:

> The soldiers in this sector were mostly Communists, and were in hard condition, well fed, equipped, and armed. The officers of the outpost company and the brigade were men of the intellectual class, with the manners of gentlemen and the sympathetic consideration of men of the world. To us, who had dropped on them from the clouds, they were kindly, even generous, and they were intensely amused at the opinion of them held by the Western world. No British officer could have behaved better, and the responsibility for our failure does not lie at their door.
>
> The railways are well managed, and the permanent way and stations are in good order. The rolling stock and engines are worn, but carefully mended and used. Military traffic amounts to 95 per cent of the whole. It is a triumph of organization, pointing to able and constructive administration both of the railways and the military. The private shops in Ostrov are largely closed, but there are two stores of the Soviet, formerly co-operative stores. A bath costs nothing. The theater is open, and is packed with townfolk.
>
> The whole appearance of this countryside is so different from the fantastic descriptions given in the West that the shock of disillusion is great. The general impression I gained is that the governing administration is a strongly organized Communistic system, changing according to force of circumstances. The weak points are the land question and the unwilling conscripts, but the ring of enemies only stiffens the internal resistance and helps Bolshevism. Petrograd will never be taken by the North Russian Corps nor Moscow by Kolchak or Deniken.

This was the impression gained by Mr. Goode in June last, only two months ago. He tells us that the Bolshevik army contains at least two million well-trained men. And when we think of the information, as to Russian affairs in general, that has been given to the public by official departments in recent months, we cannot help asking the question, do officials really imagine all the public are chronic fools? Anyway, it takes no great effort of imagination to decide who is writing for the government, and who is writing for truth. Any shrewd man of affairs can tell in a moment the fellow who has got an ax to grind. But for downright contradiction of the information disseminated by the governments on Russia, it is not now a question of finding here and there an occasional hitherto suppressed writer who tells the truth, as indicating a tendency towards real illumination, it is that numbers of men of repute are now writing what we would have known months ago, had it not been for the rigors of the censor. Take the article in a recent *Atlantic Monthly,* by W. W. Stanley, which completely shatters the notions held in Washington of the thorough syndicalization of industry, the wholesale confiscation of land, and the general slaughter of the intellectuals. It is positively amazing that any official can any longer wallow in the troughs of sensational bunkum that the hirelings of his department have produced for the public.

Of books there are many we might read, weigh and consider, with profit, that have been written by eyewitnesses in Russia, writers whose political sympathies were neither Socialist nor Bolshevik. The readers of UNITY are familiar with the wonderful story told by Dr. John Rickman. In our pages we have, during the past six months, frequently referred to works of other British authors, that are sane and rational descriptions of what has been taking place in Russia. Now we have Mr. Arthur Ransome's "Russia in 1919," one of the most remarkable stories of essentials it has been my pleasure to read. This little volume is unique in its atmosphere of intimacy. It is a wonderful feat to create an atmosphere of intimacy when dealing with many real characters, and innumerable incidents of far-reaching importance to the world. It is a work that can be read in a few hours. I can imagine a business man on a wet evening taking up this little volume and reading it with vast interest between the hours of dinner and sleep. It tells a story of sublime self-denial and sacrifice, in which some of the most amazing personages of this world, at war with nearly all Western civilization, are, through co-operation, revealing a genius for organization which transcends anything that has been done by Germany or the Allies during the war. It is a story of a man without prejudice noting with keen interest and scrupulous caution the actions of courageous men wrestling with theories with which he is not in sympathy. This book is not written for the purpose of contradicting or refuting anything that has come from the official propagandist; on the contrary, it is written for the sole purpose of assisting the public to weigh and consider the vast problems of Russia, by presenting some essential information gathered by an eyewitness. Ransome says:

> The book is in no sense of the word propaganda. For propaganda, for the defence or attack of the Communist position, is needed a knowledge of economics, both from the capitalist and socialist standpoints, to which I cannot pretend. Very many times during the revolution it has seemed to me a tragedy that no Englishman properly equipped in this way was in Russia studying the gigantic experiment which, as a country, we are allowing to pass abused but not examined. I did my best. I got, I think I may say, as near as any foreigner who was not a Communist could get to what was going on. But I never lost the bitter feeling that the opportunities of study which I made for myself were wasted, because I could not hand them on to some other Englishman, whose education and training would have enabled him to make a better, a fuller use of them. Nor would it have been difficult for such a man to get the opportunities which were given to me when, by sheer persistence in enquiry, I had overcome the hostility which I at first encountered as the correspondent of a "bourgeois" newspaper. Such a man could be in Russia now, for the Communists do not regard war as we regard it.

Here the author points out what I consider to be one of the greatest blunders the governments have made in their Russian policy. If ever there was a case calling for imperative investigation by governments it was this of Russia. Governments have been known to spend large sums of money in assisting scientists to go to the uttermost ends of the earth to discover a microbe, witness the appearance of a constellation, examine an ancient skull, and to decipher hieroglyphics. But in the case of Russia it was merely another instance of crushing "principles calculated to subvert all government."

I hope no one will neglect Mr. Ransome's book. The unstrained pathos and humor it contains are precious in quality. Above all it is the book on Russia which will do more to foster the tendency, now beginning to show in many directions, of our gettting back to the rational mood in which we can weigh and consider literature in connection with the mighty problems of our remarkable time.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

Suppression of Freedom of the Press in India

The following telegram from the Press Association of India was received in London in July, 1919, and was published in a number of the London papers:

> We beg to invite attention to the repression of the Indian Press under the Press Act of 1910. Since its enactment this Act has penalized over 150 presses, 300 newspapers have been called on for securities amounting to £40,000 ($200,000), and over 500 publications have been suppressed.
>
> On the other hand violent provocative writings in Anglo-Indian Press are entirely immune.

Of course the reliability of this telegram, coming from such a source, cannot be denied. But what does it mean?

On the one hand it means that repression of the very severest and most arbitrary kind is being practiced by the Government (the British Government that rules India) against every Indian paper, magazine, book or publication that ventures to criticize existing political conditions, or to agitate for reforms, or to urge the right or the need of the people for a greater degree of liberty.

On the other hand, the telegram means the absolute freedom of the British press in India to uphold and defend every tyranny practiced by the Government upon the people, and to attack and malign with impunity all the Indian leaders and all Indian papers that are asking for reform of abuses and seeking greater freedom for their country.

The Modern Review of Calcutta (July, 1919), in confirmation of the telegram, declares that the cruel hand of the press laws is laid not merely on a few extreme and violent publications here or there, but upon "most of the best edited and most influential journals in India, conducted in Indian interests," "Even so careful and sober a journalist as Mr. Kalinath Ray has been sentenced to 'rigorous imprisonment.' Thus there has arisen a feeling of insecurity in the minds of Indian journalists everywhere, no one knowing what may or may not be written with safety."

It should be borne in mind that what India is asking for is Home Rule within the British Empire, Home Rule like that of Canada, Australia, and South Africa. Why should this be punished as sedition or disloyalty? Yet it has been for this and in most cases only this (asking for Home Rule) that the Government has penalized these hundreds of presses and publications.

It is true that there have been individual cases of publication of demands for the complete separation of India from Great Britain, and, in extreme instances, of advocacy of revolution like that of the American Colonies in 1776, when by force of arms they threw off the British yoke.

It is believed by large numbers of the Indian people, and by not a few just and broadminded Englishmen, that India suffers far deeper wrongs at the hands of the Power that holds her in subjection, and has far more ground for demanding independence, even if it has to be obtained by force and revolution, than the American colonies had. However, the present agitation in India is not for this. If it were, there might be some show of justification of the government's action in attempting to crush out freedom of the press. But a large part of these periodicals that have been destroyed or gagged, and of these books and pamphlets that have been seized and burned or forbidden the use of the mails, have been absolutely loyal by any fair definition of loyalty; that is to say, they have not advocated revolution, they have not advised the use of force to attain their ends, they have not even asked for their country's independence; they have simply criticized the government for what they consider its shortcomings, but with nothing like such severity as is freely indulged in by the Irish in Ireland, or the Canadians in Canada, or by the English themselves in criticizing their own Government in England. Their only crime is peaceful agitation for legitimate reforms, for a greater measure of freedom, for the privilege and the right to control their own home affairs, including their own home revenues, after the manner of Britain's self-ruling colonies. For this it is that freedom of the press has been taken away from them and the whole nation gagged.

Is such a treatment of the Indian people just? Is it worthy of a nation that claims, as England does, to be a guardian of freedom and of human rights? All India answers no. Not a few Englishmen are answering no. Can freedom loving, justice loving America answer anything else but no?

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

SELECTED

The Stage Germany

The statement that Germany was composed of individual Germans of about average human intelligence who spend their lives chiefly in the making of things like soap, and shirts, and sealing wax, would come with a distinct sense of shock to many well-meaning and respectable people. This sense of shock would be much akin to that engendered by the announcement that the tube workers had gone out on strike, or that the chauffeur had died during the night. All this does not indicate any peculiar degree of moral turpitude on their part. It merely means that by a very happy faculty they have succeeded in so simplifying the method of thought as to make it an almost painless process—a sort of procession of kinematic cartoons, through which flit the most curious and entertaining characters. Enter the voter, for example:

Middle-aged, of medium height, rather broad of chest and round of belly, clad in a well-fitting business suit—drooping moustaches, turning gray, intelligent and not unkindly eyes—not a man of great means, but prosperous. He is presented with a ballot, examines it keenly but swiftly, and with an exalted air only to be interpreted as omniscient patriotic devotion, crosses it twice or thrice, and drops it in the ballot box. Exit voter.

By the same token these people have insisted on regarding the late war as a cosmic case of arson, rape, and murder, and the Versailles Conference as a kind of planetary criminal court where Germany, personified, foiled but unrepentant, is dragged handcuffed before the bar of human justice, charged, tried, convicted, and sentenced by the outraged moral sense of mankind.

It is a very attractive picture. For one thing, it piques the imagination in the way that common facts of everyday life always do when projected on the cosmic plane, and given a cosmic rôle to play. But besides this, it has other peculiar advantages. It attributes to Germany the singleness of will, the freedom to do or abstain from doing, and, consequently, the individual accountability of the common criminal who figures daily in the penny screamers. It extends private morals and civil law to international affairs and so provides a familiar code for judgment where no recognized code but the right of the strong had previously existed. It invests the procedure of the trial with that equal-handed justice of whose continuous existence in their law courts Anglo-Saxons have been so justly proud for centuries. By analogy with the civil sentences of death or life imprisonment imposed on those guilty simultaneously of arson, rape, and murder, it justifies in advance the penalty inflicted whatever its severity.

This attractive picture of crime and punishment has become a sort of "Simple Guide to International Thought for Citizens of Allied Countries," and has been lavishly distributed from pulpit, parliament and press. A factory worker or tired business man cannot be expected, of course, to visualize a nation of seventy million souls of varying taste, intelligence, wealth and power, nor to comprehend the intricacies of a conference where twenty-five or thirty national ambitions engaged in a rough-and-tumble scramble for realization. So here we find provided an easy key by

which these intolerable complexities are reduced to such common facts of everyday experience that international problems are brought within the ken of the average voter, and the most intellectually inert may arrive speedily and painlessly at a foregone conclusion. It is this picture which had done more to vitiate Allied thought on the war than a thousand direct lies could have done.

The Germany who appeared, or rather, did not appear, at the cosmic court of Versailles was no unified person. The Allies themselves had first taught her to distinguish between herself and her despotic rulers. This distinction was just. There is latent in every nation a dread and hatred of the foreigner, and but little encouragement is needed to make it a dynamic actuality. The war fever which sweeps a country after a declaration does not spring into being out of nothingness; it results simply from the release of forces long pent up. The Spanish-American War was fomented in the United States by a press campaign of two weeks. Against concerted and long continued military propaganda human nature is powerless; reaction to stimulus is almost reflex unless powerful counter-stimuli exist. The Junkers and their satellites knew this fact, and exploited it as rulers and politicians have always done when it suited their purpose. The responsibility for German militarism lay not with those in whom it had been kindled, but with those who had kindled it.

A considerable portion of Germany, however, was well provided with counter-stimuli. Socialism, in its various forms, was a growing power, and its adherents held an ineffectual majority in the Reichstag. It was to these men, with their anti-militarist doctrines, and the multitude whom they represented, that civilization looked to prevent the long-threatened war. That they had no part in the declaration is generally admitted; the Junker conclaves which preceded it were held with such secrecy that only afterwards, when success seemed assured, the world learned of their existence through the triumphant babbling of the participants. The Socialist crime in the eyes of the world consists in not having taken effective action to bring the war to an end once it had been started.

The German Socialists were faced with a *fait accompli*. Already the German army had violated Belgian neutrality. The French were mobilized and had crossed the Alsatian frontier; the cry, "On to Berlin! Revenge for 1870!" was on their lips. This time, they swore, they would never stop. The Russians were already sweeping through East Prussia. The Socialists protested, but their cries were lost in the general turmoil. They might have refused to vote war credits, but they knew full well that they would receive as short shrift from the twentieth century Junkers as their democratic predecessors had from Bismarck. Their only alternative to passive support of the war was revolution, and here even ultimate success was dubious. The most probable result would have been a long drawn out struggle of alternating failure and success involving disruption of the internal organization of the country, defection in the army, rapid and overwhelming victory for the Allies, and a triumphant France, lusting for revenge, in Berlin. Of the terms which would be meted out to a fallen Germany there could be no possible doubt; the fear and hatred earned by fifty years of Hohenzollern diplomacy by the Mailed Fist, the race of armaments, the struggle for commercial supremacy, all combined to remove all doubt on that score. The peace terms would be as crushing as the Allied victory was overwhelming.

Faced with this alternative of national ruin or support of an unjust war, the Majoritarian Socialist did what Briton, Frenchman and American alike have done when the national existence was imperilled. They chose the lesser of two evils and supported the Government. In every nation there exists the doctrine, "My country, right or wrong!" It may conceal itself furtively in such terms as loyalty, patriotism, treason, and their derivatives, or may take subtle form in the declaration that the citizen having received certain benefits from society is morally bound to answer its call when it has need of him. But everywhere it exists. Be it said to the credit of the German Socialists, however, that a certain number of them, choosing national destruction rather than moral degradation, broke away from the Majoritarians and formed the Independent Socialist Party. There is no more outright lie than the oft-repeated statement that the German Socialists supported the State so long as there was any prospect of plunder. The plain fact is that they supported the State so long as national ruin could by that means be averted, but when ruin became inevitable they rose and overthrew the Junker Government which had brought about the war.

Thus the Germany which was arraigned before the bar of human justice at Versailles was composed of four distinct elements of unequal culpability and varying potentiality for the future. First, a small but powerful minority directly responsible for the war, consisting of the overthrown Junkers and their satellites in the army, civil service, the universities and industry. Secondly, the Majoritarian Socialists under the leadership of Ebert and Scheideman, who, guiltless so far as the declaration was concerned, had risen and destroyed the Junker Government responsible for it. Thirdly, the Independent Socialists and Spartacists who were completely blameless of any part in the war. And, finally, that great mass of the unthinking who blindly support established institutions in any country. From earliest childhood they had been taught to regard these institutions as settled laws of nature. Patriotic fervor had made them a second religion, and woven them into the texture of their lives. Now, suddenly, by the revolution everything they had trusted and believed in was repudiated and swept away, and they were left spiritually homeless, bewildered, and clutching frantically for any point of support. Everywhere from the people went up the despairing cry, "There is no truth in Germany. Our Government in whom we trusted has deceived us. Our minds are filled with a mass of lies. This England, who you say is honorable, we have been taught to believe the incarnation of everything treacherous. This France, who you say did not desire the war, we have been made to think of as mad for revenge. Where, then, can we find the truth? In whom can we trust?" I have myself heard this same cry repeated over and over, and I know its bitterness.

Germany was in a state of spiritual suspension between the old and a faintly glimpsed new; sensitive, as she never had been before and never would be again, to every gesture, every breath of sentiment from without. The future Germany would be what the Allies

made of her. Her reaction to the peace settlement was certain to be violent. It behooved the Allies to examine the instrument by which the settlement was to be effected.

In an ordinary criminal court the procedure has been carefully calculated to ensure the accused a fair trial; he is entitled to be present at the trial, to adduce evidence in his behalf, and to testify on his own defence; the verdict is given by a jury of twelve men chosen for their disinterestedness, and the sentence is imposed by a judge who in no way profits by its kind or size. Nor can society, by whom the court is maintained, be held to profit except indirectly from the penalty, for death or imprisonment is inflicted at an expense which would be avoided by non-infliction and the *pro rata* share of a fine in a nation of millions is too small to attract notice, much less to excite cupidity. Thus an attempt is made at the same time to ensure the doing of justice and the recognition on the part of the criminal that justice has been done. Even so, it has been discovered by social workers and sociologists that many a man returns to freedom after five or ten years' imprisonment with a mad hatred for that bloodless concept, Society, and a fierce desire for vengeance. In many cases his sentence has made him a greater menace to society than if no sentence had been imposed. It is this observation which has given to judges of all nations wide discretionary power as to the severity of punishment, and which has lain behind the experiments in prison reform in the United States. Nowhere does abstract justice exist, except in a dreamed-of hereafter. The Society of this world is forced to combine justice with expediency in recognition of the importance of the psychological reaction produced in the crinimal by the trial and sentence.

If the details of the cosmic court at Versailles had ever been worked out with any great precision in the popular mind, the extraordinary fact would have been discovered that in this court the persons of the accuser, judge and beneficiary from the sentence coincided, and that the defendant was neither present nor represented at the hearing. Let us say at once that such a constitution of the court was inevitable, and, though scarcely an arrangement which we would tolerate in our civil courts, it did not necessarily prevent that justice should be done. But let us also recognize that it vastly affected the psychological reaction of the accused.

A personified Germany who had never existed, and less than ever since the revolution, was charged with greed—greed for commercial primacy, greed for territory, greed for military dominion. By decree of the court where she sought new territory, her colonies are annexed by her accusers; where she hungered for new sources of raw material her accusers have wrenched old sources away; where she struggled with her accusers for commercial supremacy her industries are shackled by economic clauses; where she lusted for military domination she is to be dominated by the armed forces of the Allies. The correspondence is precise, and because of the composition of the court, the unavoidable conclusion in the real Germany is that the kind and amount of the penalty were dictated by the same motives of greed and lust for power which prompted her former rulers to their crime. From this belief springs that fierce hatred and mad desire for vengeance which will inevitably produce a new militarism and blaze out into new wars.

The Allies not only sat in judgment on a phantom, but failed even to temper their phantom justice to the defectiveness of their instrument.

The reaction of a nation is imponderable, but it translates itself disconcertingly into other things which can be weighed and measured. The reaction of an individual dies with him, but the reaction of a nation is passed on from generation to generation through centuries. The Germany of today whom the Allies denounce, and the Germany of tomorrow with whom they will have again to reckon, is their own creation. Scapa Flow is the logical answer to the Peace Treaty. History will record that whereas Germany lost the war through ignoring imponderables, the Allies lost the peace through failing to take these same imponderables into account.

Germany first Prussianized the world, and the Allies then reprussianized Germany.

The Nation. *An American Officer.*

"Are we going to have freedom of the seas?" inquired the young lady.

"Why are you so interested?"

"I haven't forgotten the way we were treated at the beach last summer. I don't believe anybody has a right to rope off the ocean and then charge you for a swim."—*Washington Star.*

NIGHT.

Another day has ended and again
The fading heralds of the quiet west
Grow dusky o'er the hill-top and the plain,
Dying along each drowsy vale and crest,
Where Earth lifts up her bosom to the breast
Of Night oncoming. Now once more she brings
To the least-folded flow'r her primal rest,
Opens the mantle of her darkenings
And sprinkles the sweet dew from both her starry wings.

The moth and beetle, owl and flittermouse—
All creatures that do call the moon their sun—
Steal silent forth. Each from his little house!
They mount and fly, and others creep and run.
Where fox and hare and brook have all begun
The task of living. Now alert, awake,
They seek their joy and substance; ev'ry one
Pads out into the dingle, heath and brake;
While hungry fishes stir the silver of the lake.

For servants of the day another boon
Brings Night, and as the working hours decrease,
Lifts her white evening star and sickle moon
To disenthral, unfetter and release;
Bidding the long-drawn tale of labor cease.
She comes with twilight healing for each smart
Of soul and body, lays her unguent peace
With fingers cool on every aching part;
Anoints the tired flesh, soothes the day-foundered heart.

She asks no worship from our drooping eyes;
She needs no prayer to minister our plight;
Hers not our little deeds and destinies,
But still to soothe the pillow, lower the light;
Play nurse for every world-a-weary wight;
Comfort and succor; at a touch redeem;
And pour her ancient anodyne of might:
Omnipotent sleep, inviolate, supreme,
Insensible as death, without one sigh or dream.

—*Eden Philpot.*

From "The Spectator," London, August 9, 1919.

News from Europe

The Peasant Proclamation Against Kolchak.

The peasant forces in the neighborhood of Vladivostok have issued the following proclamation:

We peasants, whose one great aim is the defence of the conquests of the workers' and peasants' revolution, declare:

We cannot recognize any Allied Command, since the Governments of Japan, France, England, Italy, and America have set themselves to suppress the great Russian Revolution which will bring liberty to the laboring masses of the whole world.

The so-called "Omsk Government," with whose consent the Allies are disposing of the railways and wealth of Siberia, is not recognized by the peasant and working population of Siberia.

According to your declaration, your purpose in coming here is to keep order. We inquire of you, Who asked and who authorized you to keep order in our country? At the same time we draw your attention to the way in which the Allied Command keeps order in our country. Does the support of Kolchak bands, wandering all over Siberia and flogging and shooting the peaceful population, tend to establish order? Are the acts of Japanese detachments in the Amur province, where they burned whole villages, calculated to strengthen order? Peasants and workers in European Russia, who have a genuine peasant and workmen's Government, are not subjected to such oppression and arbitrary violence as that suffered by the working population of Siberia at the hands of the Kolchak bands.

Not only Bolsheviks and Red Guards, but the whole peasantry and all of the laboring population have risen against your brutalities.

Remember that in this struggle we do not stand alone. With us the working people of the whole world have risen against you.

No matter how many of us die the victory will still be ours. We boldly take up your challenge, and we will not lay down our arms until we have forced you to evacuate Vladivostok, just as you had to leave Odessa and Archangel.

Clemenceau and Revolution.

Few Americans know the real Clemenceau. His pre-war sympathies, in economic and political questions, were forgotten in the "Tiger's" publicity campaign during the war. Many were deceived by the columns of adulatory biography concerning him which were given to an unsophisticated people in the reviews. It seems he is, however, the same old wire-pulling politician we knew before the war. The following taken from the *Manchester Guardian* is illuminating:

Marty-Rollan publishes an interview with Clemenceau in the Toulouse *Peuple*. The following extracts appear in the *Berner Tagwacht* of the 18th July:—

"Clemenceau told us he was old, that although the peace had been signed it would not last. He had always taken realities into account, and therefore he did not harbor any illusions now. He had deeply despised the war from the beginning, and he knew that the Peace Treaty concealed many dangers for the world's future, but there were no means of taking another course.

"He added that the revolution was growing in all countries, and that it was coming nearer and nearer in France also. But he believed that with us it would be accomplished without bloodshed.

"Clemenceau said that the Confédération Générale du Travail would gather the great fruits of the bourgeoisie. Work and workers would save France, and would make the country greater in the future.

"'The nobility,' he added, 'are unworthy of governing France. The bourgeoisie never were and never will be able to do it. The workers organized in the Confédération Générale du Travail are alone fitted for the task. With my whole heart I wish that they may succeed.'"

He wishes success to the workers' union which is now pledged to a thorough revision of the peace terms!

American Coal for France.

France cannot afford to buy British coal and Britain must seriously curtail all fuel exports.

M. Louclheur, the Minister of Reconstruction, in his speech during the debate on the motion of confidence in the Chamber, made a great point of the importance of the shortage of coal imports from England as a factor in the present high cost of living in France. According to him this factor is the most important cause of the present scale of prices here. In the course of his statement he expressed the opinion that the only solution for France was to look to America, which is thus to be given a further preponderance and importance in the economic affairs of France. He seems to have impressed the House to a certain degree by his statement.

Without placing an unbounded confidence in the economic theories of M. Loucheur, it appears certain that unless England can supply within a short time very much larger supplies of coal the result will be to force France still further under the economic sway of the United States. For some time the great commercial papers, of which the "Eclair" may be taken as a characteristic example, have been pointing out the grave dangers of the present situation of the mining industry of England to all French production. Unless the impossible can be by some means achieved and sufficient supplies of moderately cheap coal from England guaranteed to France, the economic orientation of this country must be apparently inevitably directed from England to the United States.

The Road to Ruin.

Sir Alfred Booth, presiding at the annual meeting of the Cunard Steamship Company at Liverpool, said:

If trade and commerce had been released from control at the beginning of the year, we should doubtless have had serious difficulties for a time, and also some alarming fluctuations in prices; but he believed that by this time we would have got over the worst. The trade of the country would, at any rate, have had the chance of reconstruction on the firm basis of facts.

Instead of that, however, we had preferred to continue to live in a land of dreams. With our unemployment doles, artificial wages, the subsidized loaf, railways and coal, and inflated currency, we appeared to be heading straight for national bankruptcy. The plain fact was that the country was not paying its way, nor anything like it. His view was that the fall in exchange was bound to produce a reduction of imports from America. The decrease in cargo and the steady production of American ships meant a fall in East-bound freights, which were at present our main source of revenue. Under certain circumstances, not difficult to imagine, the fall might easily become a slump. But when, or if, this happened, we must not be alarmed. A drastic purge would do the shipping business any amount of good.

The labor situation was so grave to-day that it was idle to ignore the fact that great civilizations had vanished in the past, and the same thing might happen again, and from the purely financial aspect the present situation would bring bankruptcy about unless we realized that we must work to live. It had been said that "behind bankruptcy treads revolution with swift, impatient feet," but there was a quicker road to ruin even than that, and there had been terrible signs during the last few days that some of our fellow-countrymen were prepared to drag us down this swift descent. Too long had opportunism been our god, but the time had now come for courage and real leadership. If only the Government would give them a clear call, he was convinced the vast majority of all classes would respond as loyally and unselfishly as they did to that other call nearly five years ago.

China and the Shantung Crime.

A missionary in China has sent some exceedingly interesting letters to friends in England telling how Chinese students regard the violation of their territory by the Allies. The following excerpts from the letters are most informing:

The whole student world of Peking and Tientsin has been in a ferment: meetings are being held continually, every school or college in both these places sending six delegates. Whether they will be able to accomplish anything is very questionable, but it is at least a very healthy sign in that it

seems to show that China is at last waking up a bit. Of course, its main result at present is simply to fan the flame of Japanese hatred. It may result in a commercial boycott of Japanese goods; if that were so, and it could be kept up for some months then something might be achieved, for it would touch one of Japan's weak spots—her pocket. But I do not think the Chinese have sufficient determination to keep it up.

The whole question of Japan's aims and policy in the Far East is one whose seriousness can hardly be exaggerated. I expect that very little real news of the real state of affairs filters through to England because of the censorship and the fact that Japan is one of our allies. . . . If things go on like this, and China still trusts to corrupt and corruptible "statesmen," in the next twenty, thirty, or forty years either there will be an outbreak of anti-Japanese feeling comparable to the Boxer movement, or Japan will have so insinuated herself into the political and commercial interests of China as to make China virtually a Japanese dependency. So there is some work for the League of Nations out here in the Far East! You may think this is an overstatement, and of course it is a risky thing to prophesy in this way; but I do not think I have in any way exaggerated the present condition of affairs, for they are certainly very grave.

It is a week since I wrote the last four pages, and events have moved with extraordinary rapidity since then. The students are showing a determination as remarkable as the organization by which they are expressing it, and with it all a constructive policy which is very far removed from a mere expression of hatred and antipathy against the Japanese. I should think it is the most hopeful movement that has ever been seen in China. The students of all the provinces of China are uniting in one policy, which has for its broad aim the waking of public opinion. Since Friday morning last they have taken affairs entirely into their own hands: they have struck work altogether; they are dividing themselves into groups and bands in order to go out into the streets and speak to the people on the general situation; they have arranged, entirely on their own, to have daily military drill for which they have engaged proper military officers; they have promised not to buy any Japanese goods, which means a very considerable sacrifice; and they have also promised to contribute, each one, a copper a day for expenses. This they will keep on until the President or the Cabinet grants the six demands which they have drawn up and sent to him. These are as follows:—

1. That the treaty giving away Tsingtao shall not be signed.
2. That the twenty-one demands (of the Japanese in 1915) be repudiated.
3. That all secret treaties made either with Japan or any of the Allies be published forthwith.
4. That the chief traitors be punished (and the Chinese word implies the death penalty).
5. That the Minister of Education and the Chancellor of Peking University be restored to their posts.
6. That certain Chinese students arrested in Tokio be released.

The strike will continue until these demands are satisfied.

The Financial Situation and the Workers' Unrest.

The well-known London authority on finance, Mr. Hartley Withers, in an article published in the *Manchester Guardian,* says:

On all sides one hears of strikes and difficulties, with a spirit of suspicion and unrest behind them. But the question arises, How far is finance itself responsible for this suspicion and unrest, and whether anything can be done, on the financial side, to allay them? London, the chief seat of financial activity, is most unfortunately for itself and for the country, not nearly as closely in touch as it ought to be with the sentiment of those who work the machinery of production in the great industrial centres, and generally has to rely on hearsay, especially on the subject of the views and opinions of the wage-earners. But there can be no doubt, even in London, that the bad finance of the war has had a great deal to do with the creation of the prevalent feeling of unrest. High prices, profiteering, great fortunes acquired at the expense of the nation during a crisis that threatened its existence—these and similar matters have had so deep an effect that it is possible that the capitalist system may yet be found to have committed suicide by the bad and short-sighted use that it made of its own machinery during the war. By timidity in taxation and by making good the gap that was left by its efforts to borrow saved money with money created for it by banks, it has left a considerable part of the community convinced that it has been cheated and exploited, and that capitalism must be abolished before the real economic needs of the nation can be properly served.

Suicide on the part of capitalism might be an event that we could contemplate with equanimity if a better system were in sight, for the faults and shortcomings of capitalism are obvious. But those of us who believe that the best energies of the great majority of mankind still need the incentive of gain to call out their best efforts, and that a system of State control of industry would almost certainly be followed by lowered production and consequently a lowered standard of comfort for the nation and a check to the increased prosperity of the wage-earners, can only view with grave apprehension this effect of bad finance during the war. Can anything be done to repair the mistakes of the past, so that the old system, which, with all its faults, has done marvels in increasing mankind's production, may get to work in a new spirit, giving a more and more successful attention in future to the question of a better distribution of its products? An attempt in this direction, on the purely mechanical side of the matter, has been made by means of the Funding Loan; but the Funding Loan has been a dismal failure. Less than 400 millions of genuine cash subscriptions—for subscriptions by the banks were quite useless for the most important purposes of the loan—leave a very poor margin for funding purposes when we remember that the deficit for the current year will swallow up some 250 millions. And even if the loan had been as successful as was hoped by the most optimistic it could not have solved the real problem of the prevalent bitterness, which is largely due to the conviction that war profits have been too gently handled, and that it is not right that a large number of new rich should be left in full enjoyment of the fortunes made out of the nation when it was in the throes of a desperate struggle.

Claude Mackey, the negro poet, in a recent autobiographical sketch speaks of the shock it gave him, when he came a few years ago to the United States from Jamaica, to find the race hatred against negroes existent here. At first he hated in return; then he saw that to hate was to be miserable, and so he stopped the poison in his own heart.

In Adam's Garden. —*Elmer Willis Serl.*

THE UP-TO-DATE OFFSPRING TO HIS SIRE.

[The Corporal Correction League has distributed, since last October, 1,200 leaflets entitled "The Surest Way to Make Naughty Children Good" and containing the latest information on how to administer a scientific and effective spanking.]

"This," said the parent, pausing at the door,
"Pains you, no doubt, but pains me vastly more;
Yours the brief sting of corporal correction—
Mine the deep anguish of outraged affection."

"Not so," replies the victim, calm though sore.
"This well-tanned hide is not what I deplore;
Although your hand was not exactly gentle,
My pain is also mainly sentimental.

"For future guidance I would have you note,
The corporal sting is not what gets my goat,
But simply this—in spite of all your swanking
You don't know how to give a child a spanking.

"Peruse this leaflet," gravely adds the son;
"It tells you how the business should be done,
And spare me (having gleaned its modern tidings)
These uninstructed, amateurish hidings."

MORAL.

Pause, parents, ere you let that slipper fall—
Apply it properly or not at all!
Unless you're going to make it scientific.
You'd best abandon Solomon's specific

LUCIO *in the "Manchester Guardian."*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE SENSE OF SERVICE IN INDUSTRY.

Mr. Henry C. Hoover has notably earned the attention which his words now receive from a grateful public on both sides of the sea. The English papers quote him as speaking a few days, regarding the industrial unrest, as follows: "What is needed is what for want of a better term I would call a spiritual revival. Somehow and by some means the sense of service that dominated the Allied peoples during the war must be revived." The London Daily News which is edited with regard for ideal considerations in a way that is refreshing, made these words the occasion of an editorial on "The Strike Folly," and after quoting Mr. Hoover closed its dissertation with these words: "Are there none of the recognized leaders of labor who are ready to enroll themselves as the evangelists of this essential gospel?"

It is encouraging to see how frequently such statements as Mr. Hoover's are being made in these days. Men who are not preachers or writers by profession are coming to a new sense of the importance of the spiritual element in life. From their trying experience in realms where spiritual considerations have been ruled out they are returning in these days when that mistaken and short sighted policy is bearing its legitimate fruit, to proclaim the need of a spiritual revival, of a renewal of the sense of service. It is a sign of hope. "The fundamental error has been this fatal mistake of ignoring the wisdom of the Sermon on the Mount." Men must see in their work an opportunity to serve. They must be inspired with this sense of service, with the divine dignity of labor, if you please. Such is the idea of an American manufacturer who proposes to introduce classes and lectures to bring to the men who work there the sense of the social importance of the work they do, and the social consequences of any policy of restricted production. This is very good. The hope it inspires lies in its tardy recognition of the truth that the labor problem is really a human problem, that men who work in the factories are reasoning beings, and subject to the emotions which move other men.

But how is this sense of service to be brought about? How shall we get the revival of that spirit of service which marked the life of the Allied peoples during the war. Shall we get it by finding labor leaders who will "enroll themselves as evangelists of this gospel" as the London News suggests? No doubt this is needed, and so far as it is done it will help. But a further consideration urges itself upon our minds. This spirit of service which marked the life of the Allied peoples during the war, whence came it? What was its source? How, by what means was it brought about? It came as the stream from the fountain from the conviction in the heart of the allied peoples that the service they were called upon to render was for ideal human ends. It was therefore a divine service. That service was therefore of eternal significance. It was of a value surpassing that of life itself. This was the conviction that supported the "sense of service." This was the conviction that ultimately failed in Germany and caused the disintegration of her armies. But can this conviction exist in the hearts of men who see so large a share of the products of their labor devoted only to making a few people rich? Is there divine significance in labor so resulting? The farmer cannot be inspired with a divine sense of service when he finds that the food which he labored to produce for the hungry multitude becomes the means of profiteering that increases the cost to the poor by one hundred per cent. The laborer who increases his effort and sees no further result than that the men for whom he works only increase their wealth, and if their capital shows too large an earning, double the capitalization by sheer fiat. Only on the condition that his increased labor made it more possible for the poor to be clothed and for the hungry to be fed, could the workman be expected to show any such spirit as that which marked the work of the soldier in the trenches. Therefore must our preaching of this essential gospel be accompanied by a reorganization of industry that will leave no possible doubt, not only that the workman himself will receive his just share of the earnings of that industry, but also that the consumer will not be made the victim of the cupidity of men who have too often totally disregarded all human ends while seeking dividends. This is the crux of the trouble to-day, and it does not require a prophet to say that there will be no peace until this problem is solved, and solved by the men at the top, with the spirit that marked the "Allied peoples during the war." Only then will there be any peace, and the enjoyment of the prosperity which waits thereon. The spirit of service, indeed; but it must work both sides to the conflict, and it will first of all demand a clear and sincere attempt to find a just, a democratic, a righteous organization of industry; an organization that considers employee, and consumer no less than employer.

HARRY FOSTER BURNS.

BOOSTING THE PROFESSORS' SALARIES.

A motor-man gets sixty cents an hour; a professor eighteen cents. True to the American instinct for enforcing a point with a pun the president of Harvard asks, "Which is worth more, gentlemen, minding the train or training the mind?" When the query was put to the hundred and twenty alumni who had gathered for the recent session of the "Old Grads' School," at Cambridge, there was no hesitation about the response. Eleven million was quickly voted as the goal of the effort to be made among the 36,000 Harvard alumni for the increase of the university's endowment. Actuated by the inspiration of all the drives of the past five years "their aim," says a Cambridge correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, "will be to get every Harvard man in America, or out of it, to think of the motor-man-professor proposition and give 'until it hurts.'" The problem confronting Harvard might be duplicated in every college in the country, and the way which this institution is now taking to meet it may be expected to have its imitators. The special case may be translated to fit the terms of most of our colleges East and West.

A point made at the Harvard "Old Grads' School" was that "American colleges and universities are now pitted against business and the professions in an effort to enlist the best talent of the nation." The point is also emphasized by Prof. George D. Strayer, of Columbia, president of the National Educational Association, who says in the New York *Times* that "the war has actually created a market for college professors," and furthermore warns that "unless the salaries of teachers are increased the entire school system of the country must suffer." The situation is thus presented:

"The war has opened up a new field for men with specialized college training. Go over the lists of college professors and administrative officers and you will find some of the biggest names in the story of the achievements of the war.

"The war has opened up a tremendously increased field for such men. Some are returning to the colleges, but for others, especially the younger men, the colleges must compete with the openings which are better paid. For a long time few college salaries have been high enough to draw the best men and hold them unless they had other sources of income."—*Literary Digest.*

ADVENT.

Harken, my heart—did some one knock?
The night is wrought of bitter wind;
Why does a star contrive to mock
Eyes that to stars are blind?

Listen, my soul—did some one speak?
—Is there no dwelling-place save mine?
The way unto my door is bleak;
O'er it a thorny vine.

Oh, shouldst Thou seek Thy room again,
Bid me not feast, make glad, rejoice—
Touch not the chord of bliss or pain—
Come with Thy still, small Voice!

—*Virginia Woodward Cloud.*

THE ONLY WAY

"The existence of great civilized communities denied self-government is not only a menace to democracy, but to peace. The European world is still in danger of fighting to determine who shall be the masters of those communities. There is only one way to settle that—for no one to be their masters." —*Norman Angell.*
Young Democracy.

A LONDON OPINION

Spoken March 23, 1919

"I regard the Christian Register as the best religious paper published."

Dr. J. Fort Newton, noted preacher of the famous City Temple, London.

A Journal of
Liberal Christianity With a World Outlook

Will You Send for a Free Copy?
Subscription $3.00. Also club rates.

The Christian Register
6 Beacon Street - Boston

1,400 JOBS TO CHOOSE FROM

Young or old, man or woman, boy or girl, here is a descriptive story of 1,400 live occupations you may work at in the U. S., with instructions in sensible self-analysis which will show you how to pick out that for which you are physically and temperamentally best fitted. To get the right start in life, buy a copy of the new book,

How to Choose the Right Vocation

By Holmes W. Merton, Vocational Counselor

It will show you how to weigh and judge yourself and your possibilities and how to select the occupation in which your talents will bring you the greatest amount of success and profit. You will also learn from it how to judge and instruct others, how to select employees, etc. $1.50 net; by mail $1.62. *Send for it to-day!*

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago

Jennie F. W. Johnson
Contralto

Soloist All Souls Church
Chicago, Illinois

Available for
CONCERTS, RECITALS
OR ORATORIOS
with
CLUBS, COLLEGES
AND CHURCHES

CIRCULAR SENT ON APPLICATION

For Terms and Dates address
700 Oakwood Boulevard
CHICAGO ILLINOIS

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED

FRANK R. PRIEVE, Pres.
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 376

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Are You Looking Forward?

The Survey is published for men and women who are forerunners in their cities, their profession, their industries and their social agencies.

The Survey contains expert discussion of social and industrial problems; it makes first-hand investigations into working and living conditions; it carries a weekly digest of events in the fields of labor, health, civics, education, foreign service, common welfare.

The Survey will help you turn the corner from war to peace —the corner for want of a better name called

RECONSTRUCTION

Price, $4.00 a year *Four months' trial, $1.00*

THE SURVEY
112 E. 19th Street New York City

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

Having winter garments cleaned before storing them will keep out moth

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

FOR ANY MINISTER about to retire owing to failing health the purchase of an annuity forms an ideal testimonial.

For details apply
E. BASIL LUPTON
10 Humboldt St., Cambridge, Mass.
Agent for leading American and British Life Offices

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your Printing will be above criticism if done by

THE OAKLAND PRESS
728 E. 39th Street
Phone Douglas 244

Sample Copies of Unity Sent Upon Request